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**This paper has enlisted
with the government in the
cause of America for the
period of the war.....**

OUR SERVICE FLAG



CALEB POWERS.

The withdrawal of Caleb Powers
from the race for Congress marks
the end of a career, so far as the
public is interested, that has no
equal in American history.

Caleb Powers was thrice convict-
ed of being an accessory before the
fact to the murder of William Goebel
and only escaped the penalty
of murder in the first degree by a
pardon granted to him by Gov. Wil-
son. When he was sent from the
Georgetown jail, where he passed
many years in confinement, he re-
turned to the Eleventh Congres-
sional District and for a number
of times was nominated and elected
to Congress by the Republican party.
The Democrats have almost
universally regarded him as a mur-
derer and the Republicans have with
almost equal unanimity regarded
him as a martyr.

The Democrats thought he ought
to be hanged and the Republicans
thought he ought to be sent to Con-
gress. We believe that both sides
are equally honest in their opin-
ions, but one side or the other is
terribly mistaken. The truth of the
matter will probably never be
known.

In Congress Powers has been
completely ignored by his Democrati-
c colleagues from Kentucky, some
of them refusing even to speak to
him and he had very little influence
with his own party. In his own
however, he has been invincible and
exerted an ost remarkable influ-
ence. He was not only able to go
to Congress as often as he wanted
but he was able to control the election
of nearly all of the other officers
in the district and Republicans
courted his favor and feared his en-
mity. While even the Republicans
are glad that he has voluntarily re-
tired from the Congressional race
and given the nomination to Judge
Robison, the fact remains that he
is the only man who ever stepped
from a scaffold to a seat in Con-
gress. Guilty or innocent, he is a
wonder.—Elizabethtown News.

STORY FROM THE TRENCHES

Raymond Starbard, an adjutant
in the war work organization of the
Salvation Army has recently arrived
in New York after having been
within range of German artillery or
the western front for seven months.

In making a report to his head-
quarters here, Starbard, whose
home is at Worcester, Mass., said:
"A raid occurred March 7. One
German (a member of the attack-
ing party,) leaped to an exposed
position, and in very excellent En-
glish shouted 'Come on out, you
American dogs, and fight.' Before
he could leap back to safety, one
of our men had thrown a hand gren-
ade which took off both of his legs.
Then ensued a fierce encounter in
which the Americans accounted for
180 of the Germans out of an or-
iginal 200 in the raiding group."

The Vindication

By Saidee Estelle Balcom

(Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

The shades of the house were low-
ered and the place bore a general at-
mosphere of gloom. In one room, alone,
and her tears falling as she mecha-
nically counted the stitches in some em-
broidery she was working at, Myra
Lane bent her head like a crushed being,
consumed with a woeful misery for
which there seemed to be no sur-
cease.

A mile away, confined in a prison
cell her father paced up and down the
narrow confined space, comprehending
that if within a week some evidence in
his favor was not produced, he was at
the mercy of a jury composed of men
likely to follow the influence of ignor-
ance and prejudice.

A square away, a man who had just
left the forlorn prisoner, his hands
clashed behind him, his walk slow and
measured, his eyes bent to the ground,
was revolving over and over in his
mind a plan to assist the client he had
just left. Lawyer John Bird fancied
he saw a single gleam of light in the
vague dimness of the environment of
the unfortunate man accused of murder.

His steps led him to the lobby of a
hotel, where he sat down in one of the
armchairs at rest, to continue his cogi-
tations. Grouped together a few feet
away, engaged in casual conversation
and at times joking and reciting droll
stories, were four young men. Lawyer
Bird knew them, and had nodded as he
passed them. He raised his head as he
went, and his wise, critical
eyes took them in as though their pres-
ence suggested some idea in relation to
his present train of thought.

He was a keen observer of humanity
and an expert analyst. While each of
the young men was of a different tem-
perament, they were on an average of
a respectable, well-behaved class. The
inflection of their tones caught his
hearing.

Ned Wing, the fat, jolly fellow of
the group, uttered a bluff, hearty "Ha!
Ha!" at the relation of a funny story,
indicating little depth of character out-
side of taking things as they came,
with a trend of mind difficult to im-
press with any sense of responsibility
or serious attention to the practical
things of life.

Frank Carter, with his indifferent
"Ho! Ho!" betrayed a cynical, half-
hearted regard for passing events, and
to the mental view of the lawyer could
not be relied on to stir far from a
routine of selfishness in his compre-
hension of the duty of man to man.

The "He! He!" of diminutive, fop-
pish Gwyn Lavelle was suggestion of
his petty grasp of life. The fourth of
the coterie smiled only. He spoke al-
ways in a low, unobtrusive tone, like
a man who knew the art of listening
and was a thinker.

"He is my man," murmured the law-
yer and arose and approached the
quartette. "Can I speak with you for
a moment?" he spoke aloud.

"Certainly, Mr. Bird," responded
Alwyn Prescott promptly. "Excuse
me," he directed at his friends, and
courteously followed Mr. Bird to some
seats at a distance.

"I am in need of some assistance, or
rather co-operation," spoke the lawyer
gravely, and the clear, earnest eyes of
the young man evidenced close atten-
tion. "I must find some one to exe-
cute a difficult mission for me, and I
hope you are so situated that you can
give me your services for a week. I
am authorized to pay the person who
will undertake the task the sum of one
thousand dollars."

The announcement naturally startled
Prescott, but the lawyer, as he knew,
had appeared in some very important
cases where wealthy clients did not
stint the fees. "I am fixed so I can
leave my regular work for the period
of time you name," he said at once.
"Are you sure I am the man for the
task?"

"I know you, and I have selected you
as just the man," replied the lawyer.
"You and your three friends know Miss
Lane and admire her, I well know. You
are aware of the terrible trouble and
peril that has come to her father. It
may be the more interest you, if I tell
you that the whole future happiness of
father and daughter depends upon what
you may do through my instructions in
their behalf."

Immediately a quick flash came into
the eyes of the young man, a slight
flush transfigured his face, his lips quiv-
ered. The astute old barrister had not
missed his mark. Alwyn Prescott loved
Myra Lane, although she had never
shown any more preference for his
company than for that of his three
friends.

"The evidence against Mr. Lane,"
proceeded the lawyer, "seems to show
that after a quarrel here with Matthew
Blair, he went down to Gresham to de-
mand of him a settlement of an ac-
count, where he claimed Blair had
grossly swindled him. There were high
words, recriminations. Threats passed
between the two men. Mr. Lane came
back here that same evening. Blair
was found shot through the heart in
the yard of his home an hour later.
You know what followed. The accusa-
tion, the arrest. Yesterday a woman
who lives a short distance from the

home of Blair came to my office. She
said she had been haunted with a
secret that was driving her mad.
Her cousin, a rough mountain
named Zel Danvers, had been visiting
her for a week. The night of the mur-
der, acting strangely and excited, he
had come home and hurried to his
room. The next morning she found
him gone. Connecting his strange be-
havior with the tragic event of the
night, the suspicion forced itself upon
her mind that Zel Danvers, a member
of a community noted for its lawless
deeds, might have been concerned in
some knowledge of the murder. The
ties of relationship were not strong
enough to silence her conscience. "I
have learned where Danvers can be
found. It is almost worth a man's life
to invade the community in which he
lives with hostile intent, but he must
be seen, his story worked out of him.
If necessary, he must be kidnapped and
brought here. Will you undertake the
commission? You will be well pro-
vided with money, a power in further-
ing such a plan."

Alwyn Prescott arose to his feet.
There was a glowing flicker of resolve
and enthusiasm in his eyes. "If I
should never come back," he said sim-
ply, "tell Miss Lane that I was glad to
be of service to her."

"Prescott," spoke the old lawyer, and
there was a tremor in his tones, "I
wish I had a son like you!"

Six days later Alwyn Prescott trod
the edge of a ravine a hundred miles
from home, with buoyant step and
proud confidence of soul. Within an
inner pocket he carried that which
would free Mr. Lane from all charge of
crime, and would bring joy and healing
to the crushed heart of the woman he
loved.

He had been so anxious to reach
home with his glad, wonderful news,
that he had essayed to walk a short
cut across a wild desolate stretch to
reach the nearest railroad station.
Thus proceeding, suddenly his foot
caught on a vine. He plunged forward,
fell nearly thirty feet, was
stunned by the fall and returned to
consciousness to find himself bruised
and bleeding and one arm broken. He
had landed in a sort of immense pit or
shut-in space, encased within almost
perpendicular walls of rock. He chilled
as he realized that there was no hope
of getting out of this gruesome prison
place unaided.

The day passed in weary solitude.
Night came on. It was the next morn-
ing when Prescott was surprised and
startled to see a hunting dog appear
suddenly. The animal, holding up one
foot, limped appealingly toward him.
Whence had it come? through what
hidden inlet?

Prescott found a long thorn deeply
imbedded in the foot of the dog and
removed it. The animal licked his
hand in gratitude. He followed it as it
started to leave the spot. It crawled
through a vine-covered space he had
failed to explore. His spirits rose as
he crept forth out of his prison place.

Prescott telegraphed the lawyer
when he reached a railroad station. In
six hours he was in the office of Mr.
Bird. He carried his arm in a sling
and the old attorney regarded him so-
licitously.

"You wired that you had good news?"
he intimated.

"Yes, the confession of Zel Danvers,
whom I found dying. He told a strange
story. He was assaulted with a knife
by Blair, who evidently mistook him
for Mr. Lane. Danvers drew a re-
volver to defend himself. It went off
accidentally, and he fled. There is the
document that will give your client his
freedom and his vindication in the eyes
of all men."

There was a sob of joy, and from an
inner room Myra Lane appeared. She
fairly tottered toward Prescott to
thank him, and to sustain her he
caught her in his good arm, and there
she rested, content, looking up into his
face and murmuring the gratitude that
was the sure precursor of love.

Mexicans as Travelers.

The Mexicans of the poorer classes
are great travelers. In American
states, like New Mexico and Arizona
they are to be found in the day coaches
in numbers out of all proportion to
their part of total population, and they
are similarly inclined to railway jour-
neys in their own land. They are a
restless people with little thought for
the morrow, writes a correspondent,
and when they get a little money
through some stroke of fortune, they
are as likely to spend it on railway
fares to some neighboring city as any-
thing else. A Mexican family boards
the train with its belongings tied up in
varicolored bundles. The old days of
overland travel, not so very far away,
still show their influence in the way
the bundles are tied and roped, with
hitches fit for the pack saddle. Food
is always carried along, and the cars
are soon full of the odor of it, mingled
with cigarette smoke. There is not
much talk; the lower class Mexican
has too much Indian blood in his veins
to be loquacious. Men, women and
children sit in stolid silence, except
for an occasional outburst of shrill
screaming descending on the head of
some child, or a bit of violent bargain-
ing with a vendor of sticky sweets at
a way station.

Squid Meat.

In connection with experiments in
the drying of squid as an article of
food, the United States bureau of fish-
eries has made several determinations
of the water, nitrogen, ash and fat, and
ascertained the time of artificial diges-
tion. Squid meat consists of about 77
per cent water. Of the solids, about
5 per cent is fat, 7 1/2 per cent is of
87 per cent protein. The last figure is
exceptionally high. Squid meat di-
gests more slowly than herring, mack-
erel and boiled egg white.

"DUGOUT" IN "CENTRAL PARK



One of New York's vigilant special
police patrolmen in his "dugout,"
where he keeps constant watch for
problers in the vicinity of the Central
park reservoir.

"WISE POLLY" WANTED.

(By International News Service.)
Seattle, Wash., April 13.—A
"wise Polly" with a limited educa-
tion is wanted by Seattle boys now
training at the Bremerton naval
station. Soon these boys will be
hounding U-boats in Atlantic wat-
ers. The boys believe a parrot is
he only pet able to stand the rough
life aboard a sub-chaser, and they
are hunting the country for a bird
to amuse them in the fo'castle dur-
ing their long evenings on patrol
duty.

WITH LABOR SHY, MANY SEEK GOVERNMENT JOB.

(By International News Service.)
Alabama City, Ala., April 13.—
While industries are crying for la-
bor and every farmer has the "help
wanted" sign out, there are plenty
of men available to man the post
offices of the country, if the Ala-
bama City once can be taken as a
criterion. The position of postmas-
ter here was recently vacant, and
in less than no time there were six
applicants for the job.

Many Rats Destroyed.

A club in Kent, England, destroyed
16,000 rats in three seasons at an in-
significant cost. Women's municipal
leagues in the United States have re-
cently taken up the matter of rat
eradication, notably in Baltimore and
Boston.

Preferred Locals

HAM SACKS.

Supply now on hand at Kentuck-
ian office at 2 to 4 cents each.

FOR SALE—Wall paper 5c to 30c
per roll. Stock reduced each
week. See Mrs. Emma Carlett &
Son. Phone 790. 411 S. Walnut at

FOR RENT!

Four room cottage—Call Miss
Croft, 273.

FOR RENT—Four new modern
cottages, complete in every detail.
Call DR. WOODARD.

FOR SALE—A number of farms,
both small and large, at bargain
prices if sold before corn planting.
Also some choice homes in town.

BOULDIN & TATE.

Cherokee Bldg. Phone 217.

LAND OWNERS—If you want
to sell your farm list it with us im-
mediately. We are in touch with
men who are anxious to buy land
at good prices. We are likely to
have a buyer waiting for just such
a place as yours.

BOULDIN & TATE

Phone 217. Cherokee Bldg.

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days and Saturdays. Phone 633-1.
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--VETERINARIAN--

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class Artists.

FRANK BOYD, PROP.

Annual Grange Sale

FRIDAY, APRIL 19th,

To be held at Church Hill, Ky., 7 miles south of Hopkinsville,
on Cox Mill road. Sale as usual held under management of stock
committee of the Church Hill Grange.

This year there will be offered to the highest bidder about
150 head of fine beef cattle, 100 good feeding and grazing kind,
and also attention is called to those desiring good milk cows, as
about 25 high grade Jersey cows and heifers from some of the
community's best herds will be offered. Buyers from a distance
will be assisted in taking care of their purchases and aided in
every way in getting stock to shipping point. Shipping facilities
are very convenient. Terms of selling charges to meet expenses
are as follows: 800 lbs. and over 50 cts. per head; 500 lbs. and
to 800 lbs. 35 cts. per head; under 500 lbs. 25 cts. per head.
Cattle are solicited for this sale and if entered are subject to the
rules governing same as provided by the stock committee. A
fair deal is assured both sellers and buyers, and if interested
either of the committee will gladly communicate any information
desired. Col. H. L. Igleheart and his assistant, H. D. Hengst,
will make the sale.

R. H. M'GAUGHEY T. C. JONES
C. L. PIERCE J. H. ADAMS
Stock Committee.

Stock and Poultry Tonic

Prepare your stock for the hard
work you have for them this
spring. Buy a pail of

Dr. Hess's Stock Tonic

makes them hearty and healthy and
shed off early before the days get
hot, also good for hogs, sheep and
cows.

For an egg producer there is
nothing better than **PAN-A-CEA**,
makes all the hens lay.

Everybody wants eggs now. So buy a small
package of Pan-a-cea and supply the demand.

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